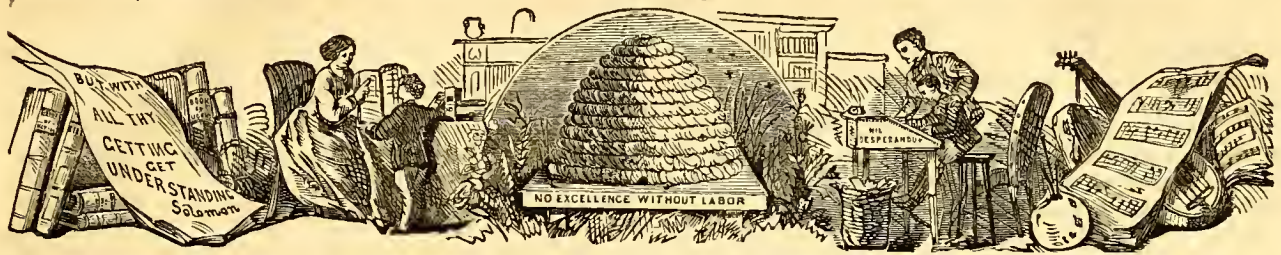


The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 5.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1870.

NO. 8.

JUVENILE FARMERS.

THE little folks in our engraving are having a fine time. How sturdily the little boy bends to the work of pulling, and his sister is as anxious to do her share, though she does not seem to understand the labor as he does. It is plain enough to be seen that they are in earnest about their work; if they had a real plow, and were turning over the soil, we scarcely think they could enter into the busi-

up could not obtain. Free from care, they abandon themselves to the happiness of the present, without a thought concerning the future. Thus it is in childhood. Children take but little, if any, thought for the morrow. Innocent and gleeful, they live to-day, and are generally content therewith. Men and women who are childlike in their dispositions pass through the world with much greater



ness with any more zeal than they appear to have with this forked limb, which they are dragging on the ground in imitation of a plow. Look at the expression which the face of the little girl has who is holding the ends, or handles of the fork. How pleased she is! Her team, it is plain, gives her satisfaction, and her eyes are directed ahead, as though she were very desirous to plow a straight furrow. Healthy, rugged children, they find in this kind of play an enjoyment which those more tenderly brought

up could not obtain. Free from care, they abandon themselves to the happiness of the present, without a thought concerning the future. Thus it is in childhood. Children take but little, if any, thought for the morrow. Innocent and gleeful, they live to-day, and are generally content therewith. Men and women who are childlike in their dispositions pass through the world with much greater

ease, and with less annoyance, than those who fret and fume, are full of cares and anxieties and who are constantly borrowing trouble. The plow in the engraving has very little resemblance to the steel plows now in common use on every farm. But we have seen the native Californians stir up the ground for the purpose of putting in crops with plows very little better than a forked stick. They looked like plows that might have been used hundreds of years ago.

There have been great improvements made in plows during the past few years. In some places they use gang plows, by which a large amount of plowing is done at once. These gang plows consist of a number of plows drawn abreast. Then there are plows which are drawn by steam. Where large districts are to be cultivated these are found very valuable in breaking up the land; but on our small farms in this Territory, these, as well as the gang plows, would not, as we are now situated, be profitable.

We hope the juveniles who read this will profit by the example of these little folks, and be as happy and united in their play as they appear to be.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

Chemistry of Common Things.

WROUGHT-IRON:

CRUDE iron is worthless for making articles of general utility; it is useful as ballast for ships, and in that state is sometimes shipped to other countries for manufacture. But the "pig iron," as the first casting is called, is an improvable article; by being freed from its superabundant carbon, it becomes malleable. To effect this, the carburetted iron is placed in a reverberating furnace. It is called "reverberatory," because the flame is reflected back again and again over the molten metal.

During this process a workman uses a paddle to stir about the pasty mass of iron, so as to expose every part to the action of the flame; this part of the operation is called "puddling," during which the carbon unites with oxygen, forming gasses that pass on to the chimney and escape. Thus the iron is left almost pure; any "slag" is removed, also, forming the scoria, or cinder, of the iron-foundry. The iron is then taken out in balls and rolled, or beaten with hammers, to free it still further from impurities and give it compactness. It is generally brought into a state of "bar iron" by being passed through rollers, and is then marketable; or, ready for being made into steel, if required for that purpose. In this state, as a workable iron, it has a new name to distinguish it from the crude metal; having been *worked* upon, it is called "wrought iron." It is very impressive to the mind to visit large iron-works, especially at night; the sounds caused by immense volumes of air, from bellows moved by water or steam, producing an indescribable moaning, as the blast surges through the furnaces; the heavy blows of huge hammers, the work of steam and water, and the noise of machinery blended together; men moving about, almost naked, grimed with black, with brawny arms guiding enormous ladles full of molten metal to the moulds; others taking the core from the tapping-hole at the bottom of the furnace; and liquid metal flowing like a burning river to the sand moulds to cool into "pigs;" the lurid flames, tinted with every color but those the eye is accustomed to; altogether, the senses are bewildered and appalled.

But there is order there; amid all the din and apparent confusion, each is busy in working in his own department; when the details of the various operations are understood, there is harmony in all. And, think of the results of such operations; our cañons are traversed by long lines of iron, bearing the stately locomotive to our mountain home. Distances are forgotten in the facilities

which iron affords. The telegraph, the locomotive and the 'permanent way' as the railway is called, are impossibilities without iron!

Iron is found here as *ore*; at present it has not been seen as native iron. Large masses have been found in some parts of the world, as pure metallic iron; some may be seen in the British Museum.

Here we obtain it in a great variety of forms: as "pyrites," (Fe. 2 S.) or sulphuret of iron, in which form it sometimes greatly resembles gold. Beautiful and even curious forms of pyrites are to be seen in *our* museum; among which the cubic is the most rare. Iron is also there as magnetic iron, so called because it is attracted by the magnet. Also as specular iron; in this state sulphur does not enter into its composition. It is iron and oxygen (Fe. 3 O); this is in the form of per-oxide. Sometimes, also, clay is mixed up with iron; in this state it then forms a red, brown or yellow earth, called "ochre." It then gets various names, red clay ironstone, or red hematite, alluding to its blood-red color. Sometimes the earth is compact, that is, close in structure; sometimes friable, that is easily crumbled. Sometimes water has given to the hematite a brown color, by imparting to it one of its elements, hydrogen. It is then known as brown hematite, or brown iron ore, or ironstone. It is a hydrous per-oxide (Fe. 3 O. plus H). By a judicious combination of various ores different *kinds* of iron may be produced. This constitutes the art of iron-making; besides which a knowledge of fire clay and the structure of furnaces is necessary. We shall now be ready to talk about steel, another form of iron in combination with carbon.

BETH.

VELOCITY OF INSECTS' WINGS.—The frequency of the beats which different species of insects produce during flight brings before us curious results. These are the numbers for each second: common fly, 330; drone, 240; bee, 100; wasp, 110; hawk-moth, 72; dragon-fly, 28; cabbage butterfly, 9.

LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's flow;
Rivers join the ocean billows,
Onward, onward as they go!
Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours!
Let us hasten, then, and catch them,
As they pass us on our way;
And with honest, true endeavor,
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page;
Here a line, and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age;
At our work, or by the wayside,
While the sunshine's making hay;
Thus we may, by help of heaven,
Learn a little every day!

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

From "TRIUMPHS OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY."—
Published by T. Nelson & Sons, London.

SMEATON commenced the undertaking by visiting the rock in the spring of 1756, accurately measuring its very irregular surface, and in order to ensure exactness in his plans, making a model of it. In the summer of the same year he prepared the foundation by cutting the surface of the rock in regular steps or trenches, into which the blocks of stone were to be dovetailed. The first stone was laid in June 1757, and the last in August 1759. Of that period there were only 431 days when it was possible to stand on the rock, and so small a portion even of these was available for carrying on the work, that it is calculated the building in reality occupied but six weeks. The whole was completed without the slightest accident to any one; and so well were all the arrangements made, that not a minute was lost by confusion or delay amongst the workmen.

The tower measures 86 feet in height, and 26 feet in diameter at the level of the first entire course. The first twelve feet of the structure form a solid mass of masonry, —the blocks of stone being held together by means of stone joggles, dovetailed joints, and oaken tree-nails. All the floors of the edifice are arched; to counteract the possible outburst of which, Smeaton bound the courses of his stone work together by belts of iron chain, which, being set in grooves while in the heated state, by the application of hot lead, on cooling, of course, tightened their clasp on the tower. Throughout the whole work the greatest ingenuity is displayed in obtaining the greatest amount of resistance, and combining the two great principles of strength and weight,—technically speaking, cohesion and inertia.

On the 16th October, 1759, the warning light once more, after an interval of four years, shone forth over the troubled waters from the dangerous rock; but it was but a feeble illumination at the best, for it came from only a group of tallow candles. It was better than nothing, certainly; but the exhibition of a few glimmering candles was but a paltry conclusion to so stupendous an undertaking. For many years, however, no stronger light gleamed from the tower, till, in 1807, when it passed from the hands of private proprietors into the charge of the Trinity House, the mutton dips were supplanted by Argand burners, with silvered copper reflectors.

Imperfect, however, as used to be the lighting apparatus, the Eddystone Beacon has always been a great boon to all those "that go down to the sea in great ships," and has robbed these perilous waters of much of their terror. We can readily sympathise with the exultation of the great engineer who reared it, when standing on the Hoe at Plymouth, he spent many an hour, with his telescope, watching the great swollen waves, in powerless fury, dash against his tower, and "fly up in a white column, enwrapping it like a sheet, rising at the least to double the height of the tower, and totally intercepting it from sight." It is now more than a hundred years since Smeaton's Lighthouse first rose upon the Eddystone; but, in spite of the many furious storms which have put its stability to rude and searching proof, it still lifts its head proudly over the waves, and shows no signs of failing strength.

The Inch Cape, or Bell Rock, is a long, narrow reef on the east coast of Scotland, at the mouth of the Frith of Tay, and some dozen miles from the nearest land. At high water the whole ledge is buried out of sight; and even at the ebb the highest part of it is only three or four feet out of the water. In the days of old, as the tradition

goes, one of the abbots of Arbroath, among many good works, exhibited his piety and humanity by placing upon a float attached to the perilous reef a large bell, so suspended as to be tolled by the rising and falling of the waves.

"On a buoy, in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung."

Many a storm-tossed mariner heard the friendly knell that warned him of the nearness of the fatal rock, and changed his course before it was too late, with blessings on the good old monk who had hung up the bell; but after some years, one of the pirates who infested the coast cut it down in wanton cruelty, and was one of the first who suffered from the loss. Not long after, he perished upon this very rock, which a dense fog shrouded from sight, and no bell gave timely warning of.

"And even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound did the rover hear;
A sound as if with the Inch Cape Bell,
The devil below was ringing his knell."

After the lapse of many years, two attempts were made to raise a beacon of spars upon the rock; but one after the other they fell a prey to the angry waves, and were hardly set up before they disappeared. It was not till the beginning of the century that the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses took up the idea of erecting a lighthouse on this reef, the most dangerous on all the coast. Several years elapsed before they got the sanction of Parliament to the undertaking, and 1807 arrived before it was actually entered upon.

Mr. Robert Stevenson, to whom the work was intrusted as engineer, had from a very early age been employed in connection with lighthouses. He went almost directly from school to the office of Mr. Thomas Smith, of Edinburgh, and when that gentleman was appointed engineer to the Northern Lighthouse Commissioners, became his assistant, and afterwards successor. When only nineteen, Mr. Stevenson superintended the construction of the lighthouse on the island of Little Cumbray; and during the time he was engineer to the Commissioners, which post he held till 1842, he erected no fewer than forty-two lighthouses, and introduced a great many valuable improvements into the system. His reputation, however, will be chiefly perpetuated as the architect of the Bell Rock Lighthouse.

On the 17th August, 1807, Mr. Stevenson and his men landed on the rock, to the astonishment and discomposure of the seals, who had, from time immemorial, been in undisturbed possession of it, and now floundered off into the water on the approach of the usurpers. The workmen at once set about preparing the rock for the erection of a temporary pyramid on which a barrack-house was to be placed for the reception of the workmen. They could only work on the rock for a few hours at spring-tide. As soon as the flood-tide began to rise around them, putting out the fire of the smith's forge, and gradually covering the rock, they had to gather up their tools and retreat to a floating barrack moored at a considerable distance, in order to reach which they had to row in small boats to the tender, by which they were then conveyed to their quarters. The operations of this first season were particularly trying to the men, on account of their having to row backwards and forwards between the rock and the tender at every tide, which in rough weather was a very heavy pull, and having often after that to work on the rock knee deep in water, only quitting it for the boats when absolutely compelled by the swelling waves. Sometimes the sea would be so fierce for days together that no boat could live in it, and the men had, therefore, to remain cooped up wearily on board the floating barrack.

(To be continued.)

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON

EDITOR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1870.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

HIS love which many people have in these days for gold and silver, and the pains they take to dig them, reminds us of a story of an ancient prince. He was very rich; but he was not content with what he had. He wanted more, and he kept his subjects always working in the gold and silver mines which he had in his country. When he was absent from home on one occasion, they went with tears in their eyes, to the princess, his wife, and laid their complaints before her, and begged her assistance. She was touched by their words, and she took a course to convince her husband of his injustice and folly. On his return home, she ordered a splendid feast to be prepared for him. It looked rich and magnificent; but it was so only in looks. The dishes and all the cups and every vessel on the table were of gold and silver; yet there was very little food. So little was there to eat that the prince could not satisfy his hunger. It made him think. He saw the princess had an object in preparing such a feast, and he was not long in finding out what that was. The lesson was not lost upon him. He began to consider that the end of gold and silver was not merely to be looked upon, but to be employed and made use of; and that to neglect, as he had done, the tilling of the land, and to make the people dig in the mines, was the direct way to bring a famine both upon himself and his country.

Gold and silver are very good in their place; but there are many other articles which are of more use to man than either of them. Nations can live without them; but there are other things which they cannot live without. They must have food. A man, if he had a solid mountain of gold or silver, would still be very poor if he had nothing to eat. When he got hungry, he would give it all for a little bread, if he could not get it without.

Which, then, is the most wise for the Latter-day Saints to do? to hunt for and dig gold and silver, or to dig the ground and plant seeds and raise food and make clothing? When we came here, if we had gone to mining instead of raising food, we should either have been forced to leave and go to some other country or have died of hunger. If men will raise wheat, corn, oats, potatoes, fruits and vegetables, they need never go hungry. If they raise wool, cotton and flax, they can have clothing. And when they have plenty of these articles, they can get the gold and the silver without digging them. This is the best way for a people to get rich and have all they want.

Remember this, boys, and do not think, as many do, that gold and silver are all that are needed to make wealth. These precious metals are only used to represent wealth. If nations would say we will make our money out of iron, or some other metal, or even out of paper, it would be called money as gold and silver is now. Anything else would answer as well, if it were only as scarce and difficult to obtain as gold and silver. This is the objection to having money made of iron, copper and such metals as are common; they are too easily obtained.

WHEN this valley was settled, the brethren who were in the "Mormon Battalion" brought with them, when they came here from California, numbers of California horses, and they soon became very numerous. As many of our readers well know, this breed does not produce large horses; but for endurance as riding horses, they are far superior to the ordinary American horse. The feats of riding which the young men performed on them in those days, were very surprising, because in the States it was not common to ride such distances, or to find horses who could carry a man so far. These California horses are descendants of the horses brought to this continent by the Spaniards, and the original stock is famous for its fine qualities. In California they have been left to run wild, and breed as they please, and with bad results.

There is a branch of the same family in Algeria, which the Arabs who inhabit that country have kept pure and value very highly. A French general has made a report concerning these horses, which has been published with the approval of the French Minister of War. This General says, that in time of war, horses in that country frequently traveled, under the saddle, from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty miles in twenty-four hours; and if there was a battle the next day, these same horses were able to take part in it. He relates one instance of a favorite mare, which the tribe had selected to be given to the Sultan, being ridden by the son of its owner, two hundred and forty miles within twenty-four hours! During that time it drank but once, and ate nothing but the leaves of a date-palm! This General says the young man swore to him that he could have traveled one hundred and thirty-five miles farther if his life had been in peril. These accounts of what Arab horses are capable of performing are very wonderful; but we believe they are true.

SAGACITY OF A HORSE.—An Ohio paper tells the following good horse story, which we can easily believe true, as a horse might readily become accustomed to going to a blacksmith's to be shod, and so go of his own accord under the circumstances described: An old family horse that had been running at will through the streets and commons, lost one of his shoes, when, with the intelligence of a human being, the old horse walked up to the blacksmith's shop where he had been shod for the last twenty years, and, to the best of his ability, asked the smith to shoe him, by raising his foot and stamping the ground. The smith being busy, drove him away several times during the day, and thought nothing of it. The following morning, on going to the shop, he found the old horse at the door; again he drove him off, but the horse came back, and entering the shop, walked up to the anvil, and there raised his foot, thus attracting the particular notice of the smith, who examined the foot, and finding it worn off to the "quick," kindly picked up an old horse shoe, and fitting it to his foot, nailed it on; when the grateful animal, frisking his tail by way of thanks, trotted off contentedly.—*Selected.*

IN THE MORNING.

The sun is up; and its cheerful rays
Shine, all things round adorning.
A sluggard is he in bed who stays;
Like the sun let us rise in the morning.

The silv'ry brooklet goes purling past,
All bright in the early dawning;
It seems to run onward twice as fast:
Like the brook, let us run in the morning.

The thrifty wild bees are flying out,
All sloth and slumber scorning;
O'er field and garden they're humming about:
Like the bee, let us work in the morning.

THE SAHARA.

ALMOST the whole of the northern portion of Africa, from the river Nile to the Atlantic ocean, except a strip of land between the Mediterranean sea and the Atlas mountains, is one vast desert. For three thousand miles from east to west, and one thousand miles from north to south, this vast track of dry, hot, shifting sand, extends in dreary, naked sameness. In its midst are to be found no busy towns, no pleasant farms, no beautiful lakes of fresh and sparkling water, no swift rivers coursing to the sea; nothing but the same parched sea of sand stretching as far as the eye can reach in every direction. This vast arid plain you will find marked on your map as the Sahara, or Great Desert.

The Sahara is, indeed, the most remarkable, as it is also by far the largest desert in the world. The causes of its barrenness we will try to explain. In the first place, want of water.

The soil is almost entirely composed of sand, here and there largely intermixed with salt. Such a soil, without irrigation or rain, will produce but little. It cannot be irrigated because there are no rivers nor large streams, and there is no rainfall. The reasons why there is no rain-

fall are these. The prevailing winds are from the east, which pass over the dry region of Arabia, and then over the narrow Red Sea. Should they collect any moisture in passing over this strip of water, it is intercepted, or absorbed by the Egyptian hills. The north winds from the Mediterranean sea, in like manner, deposit their moisture in the Atlas mountains, so both these winds are dry when they reach the Great Desert.

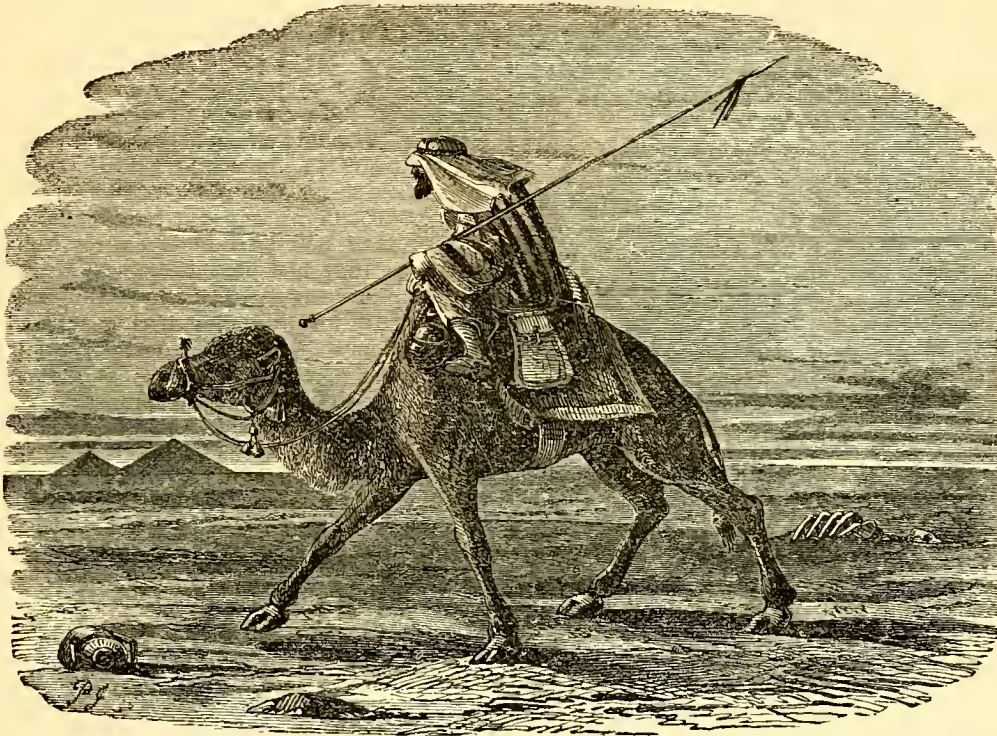
The country being so hot, no snow accumulates on the mountains in winter to form streams of fresh water in summer time; in fact, except on the borders of the desert, there are no mountains, the desert itself being one uniform plain, about a thousand or fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, "and presents but few elevations which would condense the moisture of the most humid winds." In other words, no matter how much water may be in the air or clouds above, there is nothing in the desert to attract the moisture to the earth in the form of rain. For you doubtless have learned, that hills, mountains, forests, groves, and large cities apparently draw the clouds towards them, and cause them to discharge the moisture they contain upon the earth; and as we have just told you, the great desert can boast of few if any of these throughout its wide extent.

Should any little moisture be wafted towards the desert from the Atlantic ocean or Mediterranean sea, it is at once dissipated by the intense heat from the sand; that is to say, it is so hot and dry that it at once absorbs any moisture that may arise from those waters. There are, however, through its vast extent, a few small verdant spots, where, beside some well or fountain, a few date trees grow, whilst lions, panthers, serpents, ostriches and gazelles abound within their shades. These fruitful spots are termed oases, and are sometimes large enough to provide water enough for a few Arab inhabitants, while others merely furnish springs for the refreshment of travelers.

"Of travelers!" you may say; "what do travelers do there? What can they want in such a dreary wilderness?" The desert is, however, crossed at various points by Arab traders, who traverse it to convey the productions of the counties bordering on it to market. Gums, dates and salt

are the chief products of the desert itself that can be made into merchandise; ostrich feathers also are highly valued in commerce, as ornaments for ladies' head dresses &c.

It would be impossible to traverse this desert, were it not for the camel, aptly termed "the ship of the desert;" for no other



beasts of burden can continue so many days without water, and live. But these useful beasts will trudge day after day in the burning sun, with a heavy burden on their backs without a drop of water to relieve their thirst. Indeed for a long time they do not become thirsty, owing to their stomachs being so formed by our Great Creator, that they can take a large supply in at a time and hold it in their stomach for use. We have here a fine picture of this useful animal and its Arab rider, crossing the desert in the neighborhood of the Egyptian pyramids; probably a Bedouin on a scouting expedition, on the look out for a caravan. The Arabs who infest certain portions of the Sahara live by robbery. To avoid their attacks, and for mutual protection, traders generally travel in large companies called caravans. These sometimes number as many as two thousand persons, all well armed. But the Bedouin Arab is not the most dreaded scourge, that afflicts the traveler on the desert. It is neither man nor beast that the adventurous trader fears, but the terrible simoon, or whirlwind of sand which sometimes suffocates both men and camels, and occasionally buries whole caravans.

We can well imagine the dangers and trials of a journey

across this trackless desert. The blazing sun above, the glaring sand below, the eternal sameness of the scenery, the parching atmosphere, the scarcity of water and the fears of robbers; to which add the horrors of the simoon, and few places can be thought of more undesirable than this. The camels are generally the first to notice the approach of this death-dealing wind, and by strange noises give frequent expression to their fears and anxieties. The weather is more than usually sultry and oppressive, the journey more than usually wearisome. A small dark cloud touching the earth appears in the distance, which is rapidly whirled towards the travelers. It increases as it travels and soon proves to be one dense cloud of sand, ever increasing as it passes along. The camels turn their backs to it, and hide their heads in the sand. The men dismount, throw themselves on the ground under the shelter of the camels' huge sides, and placing their faces in their hands, anxiously await the passage of the storm. In a few moments it is on them, and has passed. They rise, half suffocated with sand and hot air, thankful for having escaped, or are buried under the vast masses of sand while the "wild wind whirls a long," never to rise again in life. Such is one of the terrors of the Desert.

Another dreaded calamity is the loss of the usual scanty supply of water, by the drying up of the springs, in unusually hot weather. When men have travelled for several days eking out in small rations their scant supply of water, counting the hours it will take them to reach the desired oasis, before their small supply gives out, it is next to certain death to find, instead of the expected cooling stream, the dried up well. There is but one resource, and that is to slay some of their camels, and take out the water, should any remain, they have in their natural reservoirs, and then in the greatest haste journey to the next spring.

We will close our article with an anecdote of the Camel, told by a recent traveler through the Arabian deserts.

"The temper of the camel is in general not very amiable. It is unwilling, jealous, and revengeful to the last degree. Of this latter quality curious tales are told; one, which was fully believed by the Arab that narrated it to me, was as follows: A certain camel driver had bitterly insulted, that is, thrashed in some ignominious way, the animal under his charge. The camel showed a disposition to resent, but the driver knowing from the expression of its eye what was passing within, kept on the alert for several days. One night he had retired for safety inside his tent, leaving his striped abaya or cloak spread over the wooden saddle of the camel outside the tent.

"During the night he heard the camel approach the object, and after satisfying himself by smell or otherwise that it was his master's cloak, and believing that the said master was asleep beneath it, he lay down and rolled himself backwards and forwards over the cloak, evidently much gratified by the crashing and smashing of the saddle under his weight, and fully persuaded that the bones of his master were broken to pieces. After a time he arose, contemplated with great contentment the disordered mass.

"Next morning, at the usual hour for loading, the master, who had from the interior of his tent heard this agreeable process going on, presented himself to the camel. The disappointed animal was in such a rage, said my informant, on seeing his master safe before him, that he broke his heart, and died on the spot." G.R.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred in the company.—*Selected.*

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.



IN vain did Joseph remonstrate against the illegal and tyrannical mittimus which Robert F. Smith had issued. The constable was obdurate; he insisted that they should go to jail. Lawyer Woods requested the officer to wait until he could see Governor Ford. He saw Ford; but the latter did not think he had any power in the case; he could not, he said, interrupt a civil officer in the discharge of his duty. Elder John Taylor also went to the Governor, and spoke very plainly to him about this outrageous proceeding, and the character of the parties who had made the oath upon which Joseph and Hyrum were arrested. He reminded him of the solemn promises he had made to him and Dr. Bernhisel; that they had relied on his faith and had a right to expect him to fulfil his pledges, as they had placed themselves without a guard or arms under his care, and had complied with all his requests. He told him that if they were to be subject to mob rule, and to be dragged contrary to law to prison at the instance of every scoundrel whose oath could be bought for a little whiskey, his protection was of no avail and his promises were not to be relied upon.

All that he could say had no effect in moving Ford. He was willing to detail a guard, if the prisoners required it, but he would not interfere with the officer. The fact is Ford was acting as the willing tool of the mob, and he dared not fulfil the pledges which he had made to Joseph and the other brethren. If he had been a true man, he would have taken measures to check Captain Smith; for his conduct was clearly illegal; and Ford, as a lawyer and an ex-Judge, must have known it. There was no law of Illinois which permitted a justice of the peace to commit persons charged with crimes to jail, without first examining them as to their guilt. There being no law to justify Smith in his conduct, the Governor of the State, having pledged his own honor and the honor of the State that they should be protected, had the right to interfere. If Smith committed them to jail because he was a military officer, then also the Governor could with propriety step forward and forbid such action; for he was the Commander-in-Chief, and Smith was under his command. In either case, therefore, he had the authority to prevent this foul wrong and breach of the law—this breaking of his own faith and the faith of the State. But he utterly failed in his duty and covered himself and the State, whose chief officer he was, with eternal dishonor.

At the request of Elder John Taylor, Captain Dunn, with some twenty men, guarded the prisoners to the jail. Besides Joseph and Hyrum, there were Willard Richards, John Taylor, John P. Greene, Stephen Markham, Dan Jones, John S. Fullmer, Dr. Southwick and Lorenzo D. Wasson, who went to the jail. Brothers Markham and Jones had walking canes, and they marched on each side of Joseph and Hyrum, and kept off the drunken rabble, who several times broke through the ranks. Mr. George W. Stigall was the jailor. He put them into the criminals' cell; but afterwards he gave them the debtors' apartment.

The evening was spent most pleasantly in conversation on various interesting subjects. Before retiring, prayer was offered, which, to use the language of Joseph's history, made Carthage prison into the gate of heaven for awhile. They laid down on the floor, where they slept from half past eleven until six o'clock on the morning of the 26th.

In the morning, Joseph wrote Ford a letter, requesting an interview. He informed him that they had been committed under a false mittimus, and that, therefore, the proceedings were illegal. Ford sent word back that he would come and see Joseph as soon as he could. In the meantime, lawyer Reid and others came to the jail, and, after investigating the merits of the case, concluded to have it changed for trial from Justice or Captain Smith to a Justice Greenleaf, of Augusta, in the same county. Afterwards Governor Ford, accompanied by Colonel Goddes, arrived at the jail, and a lengthy conversation was entered into in relation to the troubles. Joseph, at the Governor's request, gave him a general outline of the difficulties and their origin. Ford could not gainsay what he said, and had to acknowledge that there was a great amount of truth in it, and that his reasoning was plausible. Joseph told him he looked to him for protection; that he understood he talked of going to Nauvoo, and if he did, he wished to go too, for he did not consider himself safe where he was. To this the Governor replied that he was in hopes that he would be acquitted; but if he went, he would certainly take Joseph with him. He again repeated, however, that he could not interfere with the law. In answer to which Joseph said that he asked nothing but what was legal; that he had a right to expect protection, at least from him; for, independent of law, he had pledged his faith and that of the State for his protection, and he wished to go to Nauvoo. The Governor said that he should have protection. He did not, he added, make that promise without consulting his officers, who all pledged their honor to its fulfillment.

Would you think that a man holding the rank of Governor when talking so fairly and making such promises, was telling base falsehoods? Still, this was the case, if we can believe the sworn testimony of truthful men! He repeated to Joseph in the jail, what he had said before, that he should have protection. Yet he had scarcely got back to the hotel from his visit to the jail, when Brother Alfred Randall heard a soldier tell him, as he stood by the fence, that "*the soldiers are determined to see Joe Smith dead before they leave here.*" And Ford replied. "*If you know of any such thing, keep it to yourself.*" Brother Jonathan C. Wright also had a conversation with two gentlemen, Col. Enoch C. March and Geo. T. M. Davis, Esq., editor of the *Alton Telegraph*, who had just arrived from Carthage. They told him that it was decided to kill Joseph, and that Brother Wright would never see him alive again; and moreover, one of them—Colonel March—said that Ford had asked him whether it was best for him to give the people of Carthage the permission to march to Nauvoo and kill the people and burn the city. That he had plead with him not to do that, as he now had the principal men under his own control, and they were all he wanted. When they were out of the way the thing would be settled and the people would be satisfied, and that was the easiest way he could dispose of it. This meant, if it meant anything, to kill them. Governor Ford concluded that was the best policy. This conversation passed between Brother Wright and these men at Nauvoo on the same day that Ford visited Joseph and the brethren in prison. So he must have known on that occasion, when he again promised Joseph protection, that the plot was arranged to murder him.

(To be continued.)

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

SHORTLY after we moved into the house of Nalimanui, I was called by letter to go up to Honolulu. The president of the mission's partner had concluded to return home, and I was requested to remove to Honolulu to act in his place. This was unexpected news to me, and my parting from my companions was nearly as painful as leaving home had been. Besides the elder of whose proposed departure I had heard, I found two others—to whom the island of Kauai had fallen as a field of labor—there and ready to return home. There were but few whites on that island, and to them they had preached, but had received no encouragement. They had written to the president of the mission, describing the situation of affairs, and he had counseled them to come to Honolulu. The idea of leaving the Islands, because there were not enough white men to preach the gospel to, was so foreign to the minds of my companions on Maui, and myself, that when I heard these elders were there with the intention of returning home, I was surprised.

I did not conceal my feelings from them; I told them that I could not go home under existing circumstances, without feeling condemned. The Lord, in my opinion, I said, would hold me accountable for not doing my duty to that people, if I were to leave them; and the people might rise up in judgment against me at some future day, for not giving them the privilege of hearing the truth. My prayer was that the time might speedily come when all should know the Lord, and when his knowledge would cover the earth as the waters covered the deep; and I believed in uniting works and faith. It would sound badly for ten elders to be sent out to the islands by Elder C. C. Rich, one of the Twelve Apostles, to preach and to act as the Spirit and circumstances might dictate; and when we found there were not whites that would receive us, turn round and go home, and leave a whole nation to welter in ignorance, because he did not happen to tell us that we were to preach to them in their tongue. Much more in this strain I was led to say, which it is not necessary to repeat here.

Brother Whittle had been told by Elder Rich that he could return home after filling a short mission. The president of the mission had done all the preaching at the meetings they had held, and had not even given him an opportunity to bear his testimony. His position had been, and still was, unpleasant; and he saw no way to remedy it. If he could do any good, he was willing to stay; but he thought that, under his circumstances, it was useless. Brother William Farrer, one of the elders who had been laboring on Kauai, made up his mind that he would not return home; but stop and devote himself, to acquiring the language. But his partner would not stop. He was bent upon returning. Being an intimate acquaintance, I talked freely with him upon the subject. He would go home, he said, and gladly take a mission to Europe if he should be appointed; but to labor there he could not with any pleasure. Besides, he was an old bachelor, he added, and he ought to be married, and he would return home and take him a wife. He did return home; but, poor fellow, he never obtained a wife. Sometime after his return, he, with some other brethren, left the city, to go to Parley's Park for lumber. On their return they were ambushed by Indians, and he was killed.

I often asked myself after hearing of his death, would it not have been better for him to have remained? for if he had, I believe he would have still been living.

(To be continued.)

THE BUTTER LION.

In the beautiful land of Italy lived a boy whose name was Antonio Canova. His home was with his grandfather, who was a stone-cutter. They were poor but not in actual want.

The old man was fond of Antonio, and treated him very kindly. His hopes centered in this boy, and he meant to do all that lay in his power to provide for his future. He planned to have him a master stone-cutter, and with this view had taught him drawing.

This pleased Antonio, and he soon showed a decided taste and ability. He began modelling birds and flowers in clay, and succeeded so well as to delight his old grandfather. Ah! in his future lay something beyond a stone-cutter's calling.

One day a nobleman, who was about to give a dinner-party, sent an order for some table ornament. He did not specify what it should be, but wanted something new. There was but little time, and the old man tried in vain to think of anything. Antonio saw that he was anxious and troubled, and said to him:

"I think I can please him. Let me have some good hard butter, and I will make a lion."

"That is a good idea," said grandpa, cheerfully, and he sent at once for the butter.

Antonio went to work with a will. Soon a lion's head looks out from the gold-colored mass, then the mane ripples over the shoulder, the body and limbs are carefully rounded, and the old man looks on with delight.

When sent to the nobleman's table, the lion attracted a good deal of attention, and the guests, on being told that it was the work of a boy, desired to see him. Antonio was sent for, and they were as much pleased with him as his work. His manners were courteous and pleasant, and though pleased with their praise, he was modest and retiring.

The nobleman, whose name was Faliero, finding he had genuine talent, provided instruction for him, and proved a kind friend.

With this aid, and an earnest, patient, faithful striving to do his best, he became a world-renowned sculptor. Is it not likely that many a time, when working long and patiently, chisel in hand and marble before him, his thoughts went back to the little image in butter that delighted his old grandfather, and that, well and faithfully wrought, was his stepping stone to all his after success?—*Selected.*

CHINESE PROVISION SHOPS.—How nice it is to take a look at a meat stall in the markets of any of the cities of the United States—such delicious mutton, rounds of beef, sugar-coated hams, plump chickens and turkeys, lying on marble tables. Now look into a Chinaman's shop. Here also we see good mutton, joints of beef, young pigs and tender chickens, and in addition we see four puppies in this one stall before us. They have been fattened for the market, dressed by scalding, just as young pigs are prepared for the market. A platter is filled with frogs' heads. Upon another plate we see the intestines of a chicken, on another the entrails of a fish. In a tub by the door are thousands of young eels not much larger than mud worms, alive and squirming, and here comes a man with two baskets, hanging from a bamboo over his shoulder; in one of them are two old cats, in the other four pretty little kittens, one of them black, the others gray. This man has no rats on hand to-day, but they are to be had in the market. All of these are for eating. Thousands of the people in Canton think themselves well off if they can have a puppy cutlet or rat pie.—*Selected.*

OLD BREAD.—A curious discovery has just been made at Pompeii. In a house in course of excavation, an oven was found closed with an iron door, on opening which a batch of eighty-one loaves, put in nearly 1800 years ago, and now somewhat overbaked, was discovered, and even the large iron shovel with which they were neatly laid in rows. The loaves were but slightly overbaked by the lava heat, having been protected by a quantity of ashes covering the door. There is no baker's mark on the loaves; they are circular, about nine inches in diameter, rather flat, and indented (evidently with the baker's elbow) in the centre, and are slightly raised at the sides; and divided by deep lines, radiating from the centre into eight segments. They are now of a deep brown color, and hard but very light. In the same shop were found 561 bronze and 52 silver coins. A mill with a great quantity of corn in excellent preservation, has also been discovered.—*Selected.*

PERSEVERANCE not only goes far to insure success, but also obtains honors for those who, although the least fortunate, have been the most diligent.—*Selected.*

IDLENESS never can secure tranquility.—*Selected.*

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

Original Poetry.

SPRING.

Spring is fast approaching,
The birds begin to sing,
The busy bees and butterflies,
Will soon be on the wing.

The sun it shines so brightly,
And all things look so fresh;
The fields will soon be covered o'er
With a bright green velvet dress;

The buds are bursting open,
And spreading out their leaves,
The blossoms soon will follow
Upon the fruitful trees.

The birds they sing so sweetly,
In this the time of spring,
And they fly from tree to tree
With a light, unwearied wing.

How many are the blessings,
This season always brings!
For all these things are tokens
Of sweet and lovely spring.

ESTHER SILCOCK.

South Jordan, March 30th, 1870.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is published in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory,
EVERY OTHER SATURDAY.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Single Copy, per Annum.....\$3 00.

Single Copy, for Six Months..... 1 50.

Grain brought to this City for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will be received at the office of our paper—DESERET NEWS BUILDINGS.